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# SON AND THE NEPHEW.



A NOVEL.



THE  
**SON & THE NEPHEW;**

OR,

*More Secrets than One.*

A Novel.

-----  
IN THREE VOLUMES.  
-----

BY

CATHERINE G. WARD.

AUTHOR OF THE DAUGHTER OF ST. OMER, MY NATIVE LAND,  
A BACHELOR'S HEIRESS, CORINNA OF ENGLAND, &c.

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VOL. II.

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1817.



THE  
*Son and the Nephew,*  
&c.

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CHAP. I.

---

*“ Oh ! my dear honored and respected  
Master !*

“ **T**WICE has this paper been blotted  
“ with my tears before I could gain cou-  
“ rage to address you, or unfold my suf-  
“ ferings, and though already certain  
“ that I must be beyond enquiry when  
“ this shall reach your hand, yet the



2 THE SON AND THE NEPHEW; OR,

“shocking confession I am going to  
“make,” stamps the burning blush of  
“shame upon my cheek, and causes the  
“pen to fall from my trembling hand.

“Oh! Sir Peter, in what words can I  
“speak my shame? or acknowledge to  
“you and my honored lady, that the  
“once happy and innocent Lubina has  
“dishonored your respectable roof, and  
“is now a lost ----- abandoned -----  
“guilty creature, seduced by----- I dare  
“not speak his name; I have sworn  
“never to reveal it! sworn it even to my  
“betrayers!—that it shall rest in silence  
“for the sake of the noble family he has

“ indeed disgraced by the ruin of a  
“ simple girl so much below his station!  
“ I love my seducer, who has heaped  
“ sorrow on my head !—I love him still,  
“ and shall never curse his memory.

“ Tell him, sir, that the unhappy  
“ Lubina will die in murmuring bless-  
“ ings on his name, and that in fulfilling  
“ her last request, he will in part atone  
“ the wrongs of a too credulous girl!

“ My poor father! my poor mother!  
“ Oh! sir, does not your heart guess at  
“ my meaning?

“ I would say more, but my brain is  
 “ on fire! yes, one word more ; tell my  
 “ cruel betrayer to extend his kindness  
 “ to the murdered peace of my parents,  
 “ though he has destroyed their

LUBINA.”

“ If there is a crime beyond the reach of  
 pardon in the catalogue of human errors,”  
 vociferated my uncle, “ it is the crime  
 of seduction,” as he closed the letter of  
 Lubina with one hand, while he clenched  
 the other in an agony of the fiercest rage.  
 He then sternly fixed his eyes expres-  
 sive of abhorrence on the embarrassed  
 countenance of Mortimer, for in despite

of all his arts to conceal his sensations, he exhibited a confusion too perceptible to escape observation, while Lady Mandeville as perceptibly discovered an agitation, which shook her whole frame; but in which, concern for the unfortunate Lubina had not the smallest share! No, the crafty mother trembled for the guilty son;—that idolized son, exposed for the first time in his life to the authority of a father's severe and just reproof! a father too, whose high sense of honor taught him to respect laws, human and divine, so sacredly, that the commission of the crime in question stood foremost in his estimation as the blackest and the

most sinful. Lady Mandeville, therefore, perceiving the axe ready to fall, determined that it should not fall on the guilty, but the innocent head, whom she intended that the blow should crush for ever:—it was not the SON but the NEPHEW she doomed to destruction! and not giving Sir Peter a moment's time to consider who was, or who was not, the object of his resentment, she levelled her attacks on me in the following manner:—

“So, Mr. Cleveland,” cried she, “you have achieved a most noble deed, and rewarded your uncle most graciously

for his kindness and attention; yes, I guessed as much; I surmised all this. Did I not always tell you, my dear Sir Peter, that Lubina Blackburne would bring some disgrace on the Mandeville family? Did I not always say, that such pretty-faced girls were dangerous objects? But indeed, Mr. Cleveland, it is a shocking affair, for until this young woman's fatal attachment to you, I must needs own, that her conduct was at all times irreproachable."

Having delivered this speech with incredible volubility, she paused to take breath, and to judge what effect her en-

venomed dart had on the feelings of her auditors.

“ My honor, my life, on the faith of my cousin Cleveland,” exclaimed Joseph, “ your Ladyship is under a mistake the most erroneous and execrable; Egbert Cleveland cannot be the seducer of Lubina Blackburne.”

“ I would venture my life a second time to be preserved by him,” uttered Miss Penman; “ and while I suppress sentiments that might be offensive to all parties, yet I decidedly and firmly pronounce, that I do not think Egbert

Cleveland is the seducer of Lubina Blackburne."

"Suspend your judgment, madam," cried my uncle, more sternly than ever he had yet spoken, "suspend your judgment I entreat, till a more explanatory conversation has taken place, and which must clearly exonerate my nephew from such a charge, or establish him in my opinion, as the greatest monster in existence. Oh, God!" "unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known; and from whom no secrets are hidden, however dark or mysterious, stand now forth, either to defend the innocent, or to pu-



nish the guilty. Son of Mariana; child of a beloved sister; poor orphan, committed to my tenderest care; and nephew of my affections, answer now, once, and for all, to the dreadful charge against you; if you are guilty, the concealment is a second commission of a crime so odious; if innocent, face your accusers, let truth be the herald of your tongue, and the upright consciousness of your own heart will be your stoutest shield to preserve you from the malice of your enemies."

My feelings, which had only been suppressed from mental agony, and a conviction that the deadly blow aimed

by the hand of Lady Mandeville would prove a mortal wound to all earthly happiness, no longer struggled to give utterance to my thoughts, and sinking on my knees before my uncle, I implored to hear me ; trusting that though Mortimer could not criminate himself, he yet could have principle sufficient to exonerate me from a charge so black, of which he alone was culpable, and I exclaimed.

Oh best and worthiest of uncles, if the most sacred and solemn assertions of my innocence be not enough to justify my conduct in your opinion, before

heaven I appeal to one to witness the truth of my assertion, that I am not the seducer of Lubina Blackburne ; he can attest my innocence, he can swear it, he can prove it."

" Let this ostensible witness instantly be called then," cried my uncle, " let him come before me."

" He is before you," repeated I, and restrained by my oath not even by a look to betray the author of my now complicated misery, I trusted wholly to his generosity—but I trusted in vain ! he remained silent, while in heart-rend-

ing accents I repeated, "He is before you!"

"This is mere evasion," cried my uncle, "a fabricated tale to hide a crime of the blackest dye. If there is one capable of proving your innocence? why does he shrink from a confession that must exonerate you and cannot dishonor him! why does his tongue refuse to utter the uterring dictate of truth and justice?"

"Because he is a villain," exclaimed I, darting for the first time a look expressive of my wounded feelings at Mortimer, who

situated as he then found himself, chose not to return the glance of contempt I threw towards him.

“I am hurt,” cried my uncle, “grieved to the heart to find such shocking depravity lodged somewhere in the bosom of a family the lives of whose ancestors were never yet tainted with dishonor ; and though Egbert Cleveland in this dreadful business has confessed himself not to be a principle, and that he is not the betrayer of this unfortunate girl, it is evident he is by some means acquainted with the knowledge of who is : therefore do I hold him culpable in the conceal-

ment of a crime, the author of which should be brought to light. If therefore I again repeat you know the seducer of Lubina, I expect sir, that you will instantly divulge his name."

Not a muscle moved in the face of Mortimer, as I solemnly pronounced,

"It is my complicated grief and shame to know, while I am bound by an oath never reveal his name; my oath is sacred, I never will ——."

"Then, sir," cried my uncle, "I shall consider you as accessory in his guilt;

the wicked agent of his proceedings, and in being privy to so diabolical an affair, you have for ever forfeited all claim to my good opinion."

"Retract a sentence so severe, for pity's sake, my honored father," exclaimed Joseph, on whose arm I now leaped for support, overpowered by the excess of my feelings.

"Never!" vociferated by uncle, rising from his chair, "my resolution is taken; plead not, Joseph, for one, who no longer worthy of my esteem, is unworthy of your's. Egbert Cleveland either. dis-

covers to me the assassin who has murdered the peace of an innocent girl, or he quits my house to-morrow morning."

"Then my doom is eternally fixed," cried I; "my life is of little value, but while a vital spark remains, its expiring embers shall be honor."

"Sir," cried my uncle, "there can be no honor in the business, how dare you talk of honor? a villian should be brought to light, and you have the audacity to conceal him."

"Sir Peter Mandeville," cried Miss



Penman, catching hold of the skirts of my uncle's coat as he was going precipitately out of the room, "Sir Peter Mandeville, if Lucilla Penman has any foresight in this affair, that boy is not only innocent, but altogether praise-worthy; recal the harsh sentence you have made, and receive him to your arms I beseech you."

"Yes, madam," replied my uncle gently repelling her, "when that boy has performed his duty, and disclosed the name of a villain; when he can thus exonerate himself, these arms shall again receive him. But till then, never, no

by heaven! till that moment arrives, the sentence I have passed is irrevocable."

"I am shocked beyond conception," cried the tender Lady Mandeville as she applied a bottle of salts to her delicate nose. "I am distressed beyond expression," cried the compassionate Miss Penman while she placed her hand on mine, cold as the icy fangs of death! a convulsive shuddering seized my whole frame, and when I beheld Adela's countenance though it expressed all the softness of a pitying angel; at the same moment that she threw a glance of min-

gled reproach and resentment towards me, I felt that the climax of my humiliation was complete.

I perceived not the departure of my uncle, nor that Lady Mandeville and her idol had quitted the room ; I heard not the soothing voice of Miss Penman, nor the affectionate accents of my beloved Joséph ; I beheld but one object in the whole created world before me, and that was Lady Adela. In another moment, I should behold her no longer, in another day my eyes would be closed on her for ever. There was madness in the thought ! and just at the very moment

she was retiring, I sprung from the arms of Joseph and caught the folds of her 'gown, I had not the temerity to touch her hand!

“For heaven’s sake, Lady Adela,” exclaimed I, “depart not with a conviction that I am a wretch! unworthy to hold a place in your chaste thought! “Time will elucidate a mystery which now hangs over me; time must alone prove, eventually prove, that Egbert Cleveland is not a villain!”

The cheeks of Adela, on my thus suddenly addressing her became flushed

character had neither the power to lesson, nor the contempt I was treated with could any way diminish, he at the same time exhorted to patience, perseverance, and fortitude—the leading features towards the perfect attainment of christianity.

“I will not probe your generous heart my beloved cousin,” cried he, “by urging you to a confession in which your honor is so materially concerned, as to demand inviolable secrecy, because I feel well convinced, could honor permit a disclosure of sentiments, I should be the first to share in your confidence.”

“Oh, most avowedly so,” exclaimed I, “and Mortimer, detestable Mortimer,” was ready to burst from my lips, when Joseph as if he already read a discrimination of my thoughts,

“Let us now,” cried he, “discuss this subject no further, suffice it to say, that retribution comes in an hour when least expected! But you must forgive my father, Cleveland, he is hasty and passionate, but the warmth of his generous nature is unabated in the cause of justice and humanity; like the rays of the refulgent sun, he is sometimes too powerful, but none are suffered to scorch beneath his beams.”

I was tranquillized by the conversation of Joseph, I saw in him the godlike temper of man before he is corrupted by vicious habits or worldly sophistry, and I then imagined that he would one day shine in the pulpit a just follower, but a meek disciple of the blessed faith ! and pressing his hand against a heart which now throbbed with convulsive agitation, I begged him to retire and leave me to compose myself, to which he willingly assented, promising me that in a few hours he would visit me again and endeavour to obtain some consolatory message from Sir Peter. I smiled, but it was a smile in which

the heart had no connection, and as I attentively watched the receding footsteps of my beloved cousin from my apartment, I felt that in a few moments my struggles would be at an end; and I determined to quit the house of my uncle as soon as possible, and to wander "God knows whither;" but to remain under the imputation of guilt, to be no longer thought worthy of an asylum under his respectable roof, and to be deemed culpable in any shape by him, I found insupportable.

I started from the recumbant posture in which I had been sitting, and by thus



rousing to action each dormant faculty of my soul, the cure alone of hopeless grief, I resolved on the hazardous project of setting out as soon as the shades of evening began to fall, and to depart for ever from the protector whom I still so greatly revered, that to offend him, or seemed to offend, had been a sacrilege of all I held dear, and now proved a mortal stab to all my prospects of future happiness; no, my best and dearest uncle, thought I, the poor deserted boy whom you have fostered from infancy, the orphan of your Mariana, shall meet you with honor or never more salute your presence; no never till the son ab-

solves me from my oath, shall the disgraced nephew enter again the mansion of a displeased benefactor.

I concluded my reflections with a positive resolution to put in practice the scheme I had formed, and shuddered to think that any of Heaven's created beings should be guilty of the depravity of Mortimer Mandeville, attributing if possible, a greater share of culpability to his detestable mother, whom I now suspected had long known of the connection between her son and Miss Blackburne, whose youth, innocence, and beauty were now by one destructive

blow blasted for ever, and whose hapless credulity I pitied more than condemned.

“ Thus lovely women fall,” said I, “ but not like the leaves of autumn ; a second spring shall restore ~~at~~ their primitive beauty, or a second spring revive their native bloom ; but when woman falls, no second spring shall e’er be her’s again.”

When the dinner bell rang to assemble the family, I pleaded indisposition as an excuse to be absent from table, the agitation of my spirits not permitting me

even to partake of a slight refreshment in my own apartment ; and busied myself in such arrangements as I thought necessary for my departure, which I determined should be at the close of evening.

I therefore packed up a change of linen, disdaining to carry away any more with me than what common necessities required ; for I now no longer considered I had a right to the rich and handsome wardrobe which had hitherto been provided for me ; of pocket money my uncle had indeed been so liberal, that on examining the state of my finances, I found

I had at least in my possession the sum of eighteen guineas, which I thought would amply satisfy the expences of a journey, were it even to the Antipodes, so little did I then calculate on worldly wants or worldly advantages. I knew that there was a village adjacent to the Manor about five miles, and from whence I determined to proceed on my way to Loughborough, a place where I had met with the most hospitable reception in the family of a Mr. Worgham, a respectable tradesman, whose son had long been a school-fellow with myself and cousins under the instruction of the Rev. Mr. Thurlow, at Mortley Thorp. Ed-

ward Worgham being of my own age, I had contracted a particular intimacy with, and more than once during our vacation, had been invited to his house, which invitation, though I had never availed myself of, I still gratefully remembered. Mr. Worgham is a tradesman, thought I, and has acquired popularity by the honesty of his dealings and the integrity of his principles. What more of man is required, even in the most exalted station, than a performance of his duty? and find me in the whole surface of the globe a more respectable character, or one more useful to society, than an honest tradesman?

The clock had responded the hour of six before I was interrupted in my meditations, and the sound vibrated on my beating heart as the knell of departed happiness. I thought of Adela, and the little probability there was of my ever beholding her again; but I thought of her only as a celestial angel, or as one of those bright meteors, at which, though the eye is permitted to gaze, in the next passing minute is suddenly closed upon us for ever.

*End of Chapter Second.*

## CHAP. III.

The moon shone with resplendant lustre as I watched her beauteous beams from the windows of my apartment, and a thousand tender recollections rushed upon my memory of the many instances in which my beloved uncle had evinced towards me a particular regard; that uncle from whom I was now voluntarily



going, never to return but with honor, pure and uncontaminated by the slightest suspicion, when my fame, clear and spotless from the breath of slander, would re-establish me in his good opinion, and doubly convince him of the unshaken rectitude of my character, and the firm integrity of my principles.

In these reflections I was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Joseph to my apartment; he was pale, and as I thought agitated, having had a long conference with his father and mother respecting my future destiny, not a doubt remaining on their minds, but that I was

in a great measure implicated in the disgrace of Lubina and her infamous seducer, and that I could never more be received into the family without such a doubt being clearly removed, was, he feared, but too probable.

The parents of Lubina having been nearly deprived of their senses on hearing the first intelligence of her elopement, and that all enquiries to trace out the fugitive had as yet been ineffectual to restore her, great apprehensions being formed, that in a fit of hopeless despondence, she had destroyed that existence which the consciousness of error had rendered a burthen to her.

“ You will likewise be surprized,” continued Joseph, “ when I tell you, that my brother has already set out for Cambridge; he took his departure not an hour since, alledging for his so sudden resolution, that the present state of the family infected him with the blue devils, a sort of complaint, with which Mortimer is seldom troubled; for my own part, my dearest Cleveland, I cannot help forming conjectures which I will not reveal even to yourself: in the mean time, on what plan have you proposed? I must necessarily join my brother in a few days; will you speak to my father on the subject of your future arrange-

ments, or will you be pleased to appoint me your ambassador on the occasion? in which, rest assured I will do my best to serve you."

Joseph paused for a moment, while he added with a sigh,

"With my mother, alas! I possess no influence."

"Name not your mother, for the love of heaven," repeated I, with an emphasis so sudden and so strong, that I could not recall myself: but the deep mantling blush that crimsoned the cheeks of

Joseph convinced me that the expression with which I had uttered these words was not lost upon him. I entreated that he would not continue a conversation so painful to us both, and promised him in the morning I should be more collected. With this assurance, the generous youth left me to a repose it was never more destined I should partake of under a roof I was resolved instantly to quit when the family were all retired to rest; and on my bidding him good night, I wrung his hand with an agony I could not suppress.

“ Joseph,” cried I, “ brother of my

heart, best and truest friend, farewell, when next we meet, Cleveland shall not blush to face his accusers."

A tear stood glittering in the mildest and most beautiful blue eyes I ever beheld, as Joseph affectionately returned my embrace.

"When next we do meet, my dearest cousin," answered he, "all shall be well."

I had not a moment to lose, my signal was the sound of the last supper bell, and when every domestic was absent

from the hall, I snatched up my little bundle and unclosing the grand portal, gained the entrance of the park without interruption. On leaving a beloved spot there is not a simple flowret of the shade nor a single blade of grass that is not doubly endeared to us, and an irresistible desire to look once more at the elm trees which shaded Adela's apartment, I found to be unconquerable; for though the celestial being that inhabited them was no where to be seen or heard, yet I breathed a fervent prayer that the white-winged Seraph that guards unsullied innocence would shield and protect her.

Farewell, sweet Adela," cried I, "dearest of women, farewell."

As I quickened my pace at the conclusion of these words, I was somewhat impeded in my progress, and no less astonished by the sudden appearance of a little terrier which belonged to Adela, coming towards me. It panted for breath, rolled at my feet, and when I hailed it by the name of Julio, the faithful little animal licked my hands and testified the most lively symptoms of joy.

"I know not on what errand thou comest to me, dumb interpreter of truth



and sincerity," cried I, snatching it up in my arms, "but welcome art thou, thrice doubly welcome Julio to the heart of Cleveland, because thou art the first theft of love."

So saying, I hastened with my little companion, till I reached the turnpike road, making no other enquiry of the turnpike man than merely to know if I was on my right way to Loughborough?

"Right as your leg, young man," was the quaint reply, I received as I steered my course to the village where I intend-

ed to procure a lodging for the night, and as I looked at my dumb companion, and perceived with what chearful alacrity he pursued my steps, I felt that I was not quite an isolated being.

I was not superstitious, yet I thought there was a fate which hung on trifles as light as air, and that for some purpose this little animal had been instructed to be the companion of my journey ; I found the present state of my feelings rather tranquillized by this reflection, and when by the light of the moon, I perceived I was at the declivity of a sloping hill, in the next moment I dis-

covered at the foot of it a neat little brick house, with a clean painted sign of a Red Cow, which simply and civilly invited each passing traveller, to walk in and partake of its humble fare.

As I approached nearer to this little dwelling, I perceived mine host standing at the door, giving orders to water some horses, and there was an air of good humour and humility about him, that made me instantly enter into conversation with him respecting an accommodation for the night.

“I have kept the Red Cow these six

and thirty years sir," said he, "and God thanked; never yet had a miss word be with any of my customers, so if your honor will please to walk in, dame and I will do our best to make you comfortable, though as ill luck would have it, the show folks have just come in to take up their quarters, so I hope your honor wont take any offence, seeing as how we have but one room to accommodate the company."

"By no means," I replied as I followed my host into a comfortable kitchen, hung round with huge sides of fat bacon, in the midst of which was a fire, large

enough to have roasted an ox, and round which were sitting a group of figures, so motley and comic in their appearance, so conceited in their gestures, and so every way at *ease withselves*, and every body about them, that I concluded they were what my host had informed me, *the show folks*.

I was so sooner seated by the fire with Julio at my feet, and a pint of my landlord's ale before me, than a fine girl about sixteen years of age, whose indelicate attire by no means accorded with the air of modesty expressed in her countenance, offered for the amusement of

the company at large, to exhibit one of her most *celebrated hornpipes*, for which exertion she would require no more than a few half-pence from each person, or a double allowance of “black jack,” which was English gin, for her father and mother, who were the master and mistress of the whole troop, consisting of about ten in number, the principal of which were female dancers, and male tumblers.”

“Will you demean yourself sir?” cried the father of the girl, as he led her by the hand, and placed her on a square piece of board, in the middle of the

kitchen, will you demean yourself by seeing a little of our harmless sport."

"Mean no offence, upon my honor," continued he, on seeing that I stared, with astonishment.

"But all trades must live, and why not a showman, as well as the rest of mankind. I have been a showman, your honor, these five and thirty years, come next christmas, and no man can say black is the white of my eye, can they, Master Rowley?"

As this was addressed to my landlord,

who was warming his hands by the fire, he instantly replied;

“ It be true enough, indeed, Master Skipwell, you pays your reckoning, cannot say but you do, and though *you gets your living* in a *rummish* sort of way, as a body may say, there is no roguering in it; and that’s more than one half of the lords in the nation can say who ride in their carriages.”

“ That’s true by the living jingo,” replied Mrs. Skipwell, “ only there’s a difference; look ye, Master Rowley, my spouse and I rides in our own carriage,



while there's many fine folks rides in their creditors."

A loud laugh from the whole company testified their approbation of Mrs. Skipwell's keen remark, who calling loudly for a pint more of *black juck*, handed a glass of it over to her fair daughter, with "Why the Devil, Nancy, don't you begin?"

The signal was soon made by Manager Skipwell, to whose performance I had not made the slightest opposition, but rather cheerfully assented, and Miss Nancy, to the accompaniment of a toler-

able good band, went through the paces of a hornpipe with a spirit and grace which was by no means despicable. At the end of which, she was loudly encored to the great satisfaction of all parties, and the complete triumph of her papa and mamma.

“There, ladies and gentlemen,” cried he, “behold what it is to be born with a *genes*. Did you ever see such capers? there’s agility for you; and now, if you please, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. and Mrs. Piper, who are the first singers in my company, will give you a duet, quite in the *hopra* style; I always likes to shew

off the abilities of my first-rate performers, Mr. and Mrs. Piper, great favorites of mine, I assure you—always lets the cat out of the bag whenever any thing goes wrong and their manager is out of the way—nice people, Mr. and Mrs. Piper; 'twas but the other night they caught one of my principal performers stealing away some bits of candles—and another in the very fact of ——; what does your honor suppose?”

“ Upon my word, sir, I am unable to guess,” replied I, with much difficulty repressing a laugh I could scarcely keep in.

“Why, sir,” answered he, “stripping, actually stripping off the breeches—the small clothes I should have said, ladies and gentlemen, of—the *Grand Emperor Bonaparte*.”

A young country farmer, who had hitherto been silent, now rose from his seat, and putting himself in a boxing attitude, broke out in the following terms :—

“Strip off his breeches! dang me, if I had him here, I’d strip off his coat and waistcoat too; let me but catch him here, that be all; Zounds, what a deadly

drubbing I'd gie him at the plough's tail."

A burst of applause would have followed this observation of the young joskin, had not an old mettlesome Frenchman, who was the musician of Manager Skipwell's company, thought proper to reprove, and dissent from the general opinion, by saluting the young farmer with the appellation of "you be one damn English pig;" to which the other civilly retorted, "English pig! you old French frog; I'll pig you, if you give me any of your outlandish gibberidge, I promise you; I'll let you know

what English roast beef is, you skinny old scarecrow, I wool."

"Come, Mr. Mounseer What-d'ye-call'em," cried Mr. Skipwell, "let's come to order wie you; I don't like words at any time, and its not very polite I must needs tell you to fall out before the ladies. Come, Mrs. Piper, strike up, Mr. Mounseer Thingemay, I always forgets your name, come, strike up to Mr. and Mrs. Piper's duet, to the tune of 'Punch drowns all care,' and let me have no more of your French lingo I beg of you; come, Mr. and Mrs. Piper begin."

In the chimney corner, scarcely visible from being of the most diminutive size, sat Mr. Piper, and beside him a female of so gigantic an appearance, that I concluded she must have originally belonged to the Brobdinags.

“Jerry,” cried she, to her caro sposa, who actually trembled at the sound of her voice, “Jerry Piper! why don’t you do as I bid you?”

“I always makes a practice of obeying you, lovec,” answered Mr. Piper, “so pray, Master Rowley, bring my deary some bread and cheese, and plenty of onions.”

“ By all means,” answered the attentive host, and Mrs. Piper having gabbled up what would have reasonably supplied two ploughmen for their suppers, condescended to warble forth in tones not very remarkably sweet or melodious, the popular air of Robin Adair ; at the conclusion of which I called my landlord aside, and slipping into his hand a guinea, which I begged he would present to manager Skipwell for the amusement he had afforded me, I made a voluntary exit from a scene by no means congenial with my feelings at the present juncture, however entertained I might have been at any other: and why not entertained?



thought I, and as I laid my head on my pillow, I could not suppress a smile at the scene I had witnessed, making the old adage probable enough, “ that surely one half of the world does not know how the other half lives.”

*End of Chapter Third*

## CHAP. IV.

Accustomed, as I had been to sleep on beds of down, in the splendid and magnificent mansion of Sir Peter Manleville, and habituated as it were to all the luxuries that attend the appendages of rank and fashion, I did not repine at the deprivation of those pleasures, nor the loss of that grandeur which I

was not born to possess ; humble happiness, sweetened with the smile of love and contentment, was the station for which I exclusively sighed, and such I conceived could only be found in the bosom of honest industry and virtuous attachment ; I slept soundly in the clean comfortable bed provided for me by the hostess of the Red Cow, and when I made my appearance in the stone kitchen, my breakfast was already in preparation, smoaking hot tea, buttered rolls, and plenty of fresh cream, and to which not only myself but Julio, did ample justice ; it was a sort of breakfast with which he was perfectly familiar, and when I recol-

lected that it was often administered to him by the hand of Adela, I gave him a double portion of what he liked best.

“Well, honest Rowley,” cried I, on his bidding me a good morning and hoping I had rested well, “what have you done with your jolly companions, the merry show folks?”

“Oh, your honor,” he replied, they never stay here above one night, they set off at day-break, bag and baggage, girls, boys, men, women, jack asses and fiddlers ; a set of happy devils, never low

spirited, for if they can't raise their spirits, they are sure to raise their wits and that's the way they get on."

"And no bad way either," answered I, "when a man has nothing but his wits to live on."

On which opinion Mr. Rowley having concurred, and Julio and myself concluded our repast, I discharged my reckoning, and with many compliments and good wishes from my host and hostess again pursued my journey, reaching in safety the pleasant town of Loughborough, at an early hour in the evening of the

same day ; I preferred going to the inn, changing my clothes; and taking some refreshment, to making an abrupt appearance at Mr. Worgham's with whose family, excepting himself and my friend Edward, I was not acquainted ; having rested myself for nearly two hours, I prepared to enquire out the house of my friend, which I was not long in doing, for " Edward Worgham and Co. wholesale tea dealers," stared me full in the face on my turning a corner of a street, which gave me a complete view of a large and spacious shop, adjoining to which appeared a very handsome and respectable dwelling house ; I knocked

at the door, and sooned gained admittance on sending up my name; Mr. Worgham himself coming down to receive me, which he did in the most friendly and polite manner.

“My dear boy,” cried he, “I vow and protest you are almost grown out of my knowledge since I saw you at old Thurlow’s, notwithstanding which, I am flattered that time, ever on the wing, has not erased from your recollection of your old school-fellow and playmate, Ned Worgham, who will be rejoiced to see you.”

With these words, Mr. Worgham, taking me by the hand, ushered me into a neat little parlour, and introduced me to his wife and two daughters; they were lovely girls, dressed with modest neatness, and the simplicity of their manners accorded therewith; I was welcomed as the friend of their brother, without ceremony or affectation.

“Go, Caroline,” cried Mr. Worgham, to his youngest daughter, and “apprize your brother of Mr. Cleveland’s arrival, you will find him in the counting-house; Ned is pretty steady for his age, Mr. Cleveland, but we cannot expect that



old heads will grow on young shoulders."

"I always found Edward Worgham sensible of his duty," answered I.

"'Tis an excellent thing to have a friend in court," answered Mr. Worgham, when at the same instant, Edward flew into the room and gave me such a hearty embrace and warm welcome, that in a few minutes gave me a flattering assurance that our early friendship was not forgotten.

"Dearest Cleveland," cried he, "this

is the most unexpected happiness you can imagine; how frequently have I talked of you to my mother and sisters; have not I, Caroline; have not I, Lucy; have not I, mother?" and again the generous youth pressed me to his bosom with affectionate ardour. In a short time, encouraged by the presence of Edward, I became familiar with his amiable family, and perceived with no small degree of satisfaction, that Julio was likely to become a favorite, being placed on the lap of Miss Worgham, who bestowed on him the fondest caresses. Ah! friendship, thought I, thou art a gem of such pure ray, that thou art never known in

the gay moments of thoughtless pleasure ! thy intrinsic value can only be estimated when the dark hour of adversity is gathering round the head of the devoted sufferer.

I imparted my sorrows and the nature of my situation to the sympathizing breast of Edward Worgham, concealing only that part of my little history which I was bound not to reveal ; at the conclusion of which he grasped my hand, while he exclaimed,

“ By my soul, Cleveland, this is a most lamentable story, and I am glad

thou art stumbled on the block of *Miss-Fortune*; because," answered he, " hadst thou been fortunate and successful, I could not have served thee, but now thou art poor and miserable, thou shalt never want a penny while Ned Worgham has the command of a shilling: and by the bye, Cleveland, I must now tell you a little bit of history of my own; father has some how taken it into his head, that if I go abroad, I shall make my fortune better than by my staying in England to marry a little wench which I am grown devilishly fond of; but as father don't seem to relish matrimony, and I have no mind to take Rosa for a

mistress; why, egad, what do you think?"

"I can't exactly tell," I replied, admiring the candid sentiments of my young impassioned friend, "why," continued Edward, "I am going off to the West Indies in the character of an English merchant, and there if I prosper, and success crowns my hopes, I'll come back and marry Rosa, in spite of their teeth; now Cleveland what say you, I have more than enough to provide for my own wants, and a little to spare, and and if I chuse to give that little to a friend what's that to and one?"

“I would not impoverish you for the wealth of worlds, Edward,” I cried, “though my heart bounds at your generous proposal, and I own the offer is transporting to one in my circumstances, yet your father——.”

“Is a friend to the fatherless,” repeated Edward, and wishing me a good night’s repose, we suspended all further conversation on this subject till the ensuing morning.

*End of Chapter Fourth.*

## CHAP. V.

I know not what conversation had taken place between the father, and the son, relative to my situation, but I found my friend Edward not likely to be opposed in his wish of making me the companion of his voyage to the West Indies, for Mr. Worgham calling me into his counting house, the very

next morning, addressed me in the following concise terms:—

“Mr. Cleveland, I shall be exceedingly happy to have half an hour’s conversation with you, I cannot spare more time, for I am a man of business, I am a tradesman, and keep a shop, and if that shop is not minded, why it is very likely there would be no shop at all. Edward has briefly informed me of the little fire-side story that is blown about in the Maudeville family, and it is very clear to me, you will excuse me, I must speak my mind, it is perfectly clear to me, that Mortimer Mandeville is the



seducer of the unfortunate girl, nevertheless young man, I commend your principles by having acted with honour and integrity, and I do not see how you could have betrayed the secret with which you were entrusted, without forfeiting all claim to either; oaths are binding, though bartered to a villain. With respect to Sir Peter, though I know him to be a most excellent character, and a rigid moralist, yet, in this affair I think he has carried his morality too far; for doing your duty according to the principles of your religion, he has sentenced you to a trial, which ought only have been the punishment of the crime

itself: however, my young friend, we will discuss this matter no farther, let the parties concerned answer for their conduct at some future opportunity, in the meantime, I am so far satisfied with the part you have acted, that I do not scruple to select you as the companion of my son, till his return from his intended expedition to the West Indies; and a grater task is assigned to you, I shall appoint you his guardian during the time you shall remain with him; for," continued Mr. Worgham, "I suppose Ned has told you of a sort of foolish attachment he has got for little Rosa Evelyn, but I have

put a spoke into that wheel, and for this reason—the girl has nothing but beauty to recommend her, so I am told, for I never saw her, all very well to be sure; a pretty girl may do under the rose, there's no denying it; but a man, Mr. Cleveland, must have something more substantial when he takes a fire-side companion for his journey through life."

I smiled, but not chusing to hazard an opinion so delicately tender as the attachment of my friend, remained silent.

"What," cried Mr. Worgham, "you wont blab I see. Edward has told you

all, but you are wise enough to hold your tongue about it; so lets adjourn to dinner in our little parlour, my wife has made some nice apple dumplings, and I am very fond of them."

The end of this speech concluded the conversation between myself and Mr. Worgham, and if ever I was vain, it was the approbation of this upright, honest, industrious tradesman that gratified my vanity. From this period, I became the inmate and guest of this hospitable family; experiencing such kindness and attention that I never found in the bosom of those relatives, to whom I was

bound by the ties of nature. I divided my time according to the best of my judgment in partaking of rational amusements with Edward, and rendering what little assistance I was capable of in the counting house of Mr. Worgham, and thought myself happy when every Sunday came round in escorting the Miss Worghams to church, and whenever I conversed with these lovely and amiable girls ; I compared my present tranquil feelings with those agitated and unfortunate ones I experienced in the splendid and fashionable family of Sir Peter Mandeville ; Ah ! thought I to myself, how swiftly time passes, when a certain uni-

formity guides every minute of our lives: the mind then feels no vacuum, all is supplied by useful employment, necessary occupation, which defies to the hands of God, and seeks no room to the God of peace, who would say, who on the bosom of the sea.

## CHAP. VI.

When preparations for Edward's expedition were daily discussed by Mr. Worgham, and even the day appointed when he was to accompany us down to Portsmouth, from which place we were to embark on board a fine well-built West Indiaman, bound for Jamaica, I candidly informed him of the state of my

finances, and the scantiness of my wardrobe, giving him my motives for my not wishing to increase it when I left the house of my uncle.

“ I will not hear a word more on the subject,” uttered Mr. Worgham, and immediately walked into his counting house. But the next day I was presented with a bill for fifty pounds, payable at sight, by one of his clerks, which so overwhelmed me with gratitude, that I shed tears when I informed Edward of his father’s unexampled generosity.— Mrs. Worgham had now the goodness to provide all such necessary apparel as



I stood in need of, but notwithstanding my mind and circumstances were most happily, to use a seaman's phrase, under easy sail, I could not as the day approached for our departure, divest myself of an indescribable pang at the idea of quitting, perhaps for ever, the country that gave me birth. I chased away the tear that had intruded itself on the reflection; but my uncle was still inexpressibly dear to my forlorn heart, and Adela was still adored, she was more, she was idolized, and as her beauteous form floated across my imagination, and the fascinating sweetness of her voice vibrated on my ear, I madly exclaimed,

“ Yes, Adela, when the ocean divides us we shall indeed be separated; but dear enchanting maid! no power can separate you from my heart; there you will hold a place till time is seen and heard no more, and should a watry grave bury the remains of your devoted Cleveland, thy form hovering over me like a celestial spirit, shall descend with me to the depthless sea, and waft me to the regions of eternal happiness.

I was alone in Edward's chamber, unconscious of being over heard, when I uttered this with all the ardour of the most impassioned tenderness! when to

my great embarrassment, I perceived the youngest Miss Worgham's with her work basket stationed so directly near the window which was open, that I concluded she must have heard every word I had so incautiously uttered. There was a softness and delicacy in the manners of this young lady which greatly added to her personal loveliness, and frequently when I caught myself admiring the downcast modesty of her sweet blue eyes, have I thought that had I never seen Adela, my heart would have been irresistably won by the charms of Caroline Worgham, but the chain bound by faithful love cannot be broken, it

may be weakened, depressed but never broken; determined, however in compliance with the wishes of this most amiable family to appear perfectly sensible of the happiness which they had conferred on me, I mustered up all the spirits I was master of, and seemed at the supper table of Mr. Worgham, the gayest of the throng, not so Miss Caroline Worgham; the roses on this evening had deserted her fair cheek; a pensive melancholy shaded her features, and in a low and tremulous voice she answered the tender enquiries made to her by her brother.

“Caroline, dearest girl,” cried Edward as he kissed her cheek, “are you not well, my love, I never saw you look so pale in my life time, yet you were merry enough two hours ago, in the garden you know, when I was telling you and Lucy that on my return home to England I should bring a rich West India nabob a piece for you, and dont you remember how you laughed and said, .

“If ever I marry, Edward, it wont be for the sake of riches, I promise you.”

“did not she Lucy.”

“That she did,” answered Miss Worg-

ham, "and more than that, Caroline you said, but I wont tell."

.. This innocent rally of the good humoured brother and sister was too much for the dejected Caroline, she burst into tears and to the astonishment of Mr. and Mrs. Worgham, Edward and myself, hid her face in her sister's bosom, and sobbed aloud; had a thunder bolt from heaven dropped on my devoted head I could not have felt more arrested by the blow, than by this proof of delicate and genuine sensibility in the gentle-hearted Caroline: I calculated exactly on the time when alone in Edward's

apartment, that I had breathed forth the name of Adela in such rapturous exclamations, and though I wished not to recall the truth I had uttered in the sincerity of my heart, yet it revealed a secret the knowledge of which gave me indescribable anguish. Caroline Worgham cherished love for me, and it was impossible for me ever to love Caroline Worgham, and more than ever did I deplore that destiny, which had brought me into the bosom of a respectable family only to invade its repose.

“The sensibility of Caroline can easily be accounted for,” cried Edward,

as he raised her drooping head, from the bosom of her surprised sister, "she is already anticipating a parting adieu, with her good-for-nothing, brother, who deserves to be horsewhipped for giving her a momen's pain."

The whole family concurring in Edward's opinion, Caroline with deep mantling blushes overspreading her beautiful countenance, recovered so far as to drink a glass of wine administered to her by the hand of her father, and retired in a few minutes afterwards with her sister. Mr. and Mrs. Worgham endeavoured to assume an air of com-



posure, but in vain; Caroline was their darling, and they could not bear to see her unhappy; the spirit of the evening was damped, its hilarity checked, not even the smiles of their lively Edward could dispel the frozen gloom; and when I pressed the hand of Mr. Worgham as I bade him good night, I inwardly felt that I deserved to be arraigned at the bar, a criminal without having been guilty of any intentional offence.

*End of Chapter Sixth.*

## CHAP. VI.



Caroline Worgham appeared on the day intended for our departure with a countenance serene as spring tide flowers, a calm composure pervaded each lovely feature and gave her an appearance of a celestial being ; nor could I sufficiently admire that greatness of mind and innate modesty which the resignation of a hope-

less passion which could meet no return, so powerfully evinced, and I was now impatient, for the moment when my absence would effectually restore the sweet maid to that peace which I had unconsciously invaded. The social little parlour of Mr. Worgham was crowded with farewell visitants, who would insist on shaking hands with Edward before he quitted Loughborough, and the chaise having been ordered to the door on the instant they departed, I handed Mr Worgham into it, and tore Edward from the arms of his weeping mother and sisters, being too much affected myself to trust my voice with a parting adieu.

“Pull up the glasses,” uttered Mr. Worgham, in a hasty tone, and as if wishing to get the better of his emotion, his orders were instantly obeyed, for the postillion setting spurs to his horses, we drove off at full speed from the town of Loughborough : as we proceeded on our journey, Edward recovered his spirits, and Mr. Worgham was himself too merry a companion to be long under the influence of sadness, he laughed, talked, sung, and repeated many pleasant anecdotes calculated to enliven us, and in this sort of disposition, we arrived at Portsmouth, and the next day went on board the *Triumph*, a fine ship, well

manned with good seamen, in excellent condition, and properly conducted by an experienced and able commander; Captain Roberts received us without ceremony, but with much good humour and social kindness.

I will not comment on the parting which took place between Edward and his father, being such I shall never forget, I shall only repeat his farwell words as he stepped into the boat which was to convey him on shore, "Edward," said he "let your conduct be such when absent from home as to meet the smile of welcome at your return; and remem-

ber from generation to generation, your ancestors have been born humble, the sons of honest industry, whose names have never yet been tainted with dishonor! farewell Ned, hold this in your remembrance, let no false pride induce you to behave ill to your inferiors; retain a sense of humility about you, and the blessing and care of Almighty Providence direct you."

Edward bowed his head in submission to his father's benediction, the boat pushed off, and the wind blowing directly favorable to our wishes, we weighed anchor in less than two hours from the

land of Great Britain. We continued our course for the space of several weeks with every prospect before us of a safe, speedy, and pleasant voyage, and Edward and myself being the only passengers on board, we enjoyed the society of Captain Roberts with real pleasure, who furnished us with many particulars of the commercial business of a country, to which we were both entire strangers, and for which we were greatly indebted: when the weather was fine, I took slight sketches of the beautiful and magnificent views, which the nearer we approached the western isles, became more awfully grand. One night, when Edward and

myself sat in close conversation in the Captain's cabin, and that we were regaling ourselves over some excellent rum punch, which he assured us was the produce of some of the finest of the West Indian Islands, a loud and piercing shriek which seemed to issue from the interior part of the ship, assailed our ears, and immediately a wrangling among the sailors became general. It was in vain that the captain demanded to know the cause of such disturbance; no one seemed anxious to answer his enquiries, until further and stricter investigation taking place, a sailor on the mid-watch was heard to exclaim, that it was all



along of little Jack Wilson having purloined a bottle of rum from one of the men on the pretence of giving it to his comrade, who lay sick in the same berth with him; and as theft in a ship's company was in no way to be tolerated from whatever cause it proceeded, Jack Wilson was sentenced to the accustomed punishment as soon as his captain should be made acquainted with the nature of his offence; on hearing which, the boy had actually screamed with terror, and was down on his knees to solicit pardon and forgiveness, when we heard the outcry,

“Confine him in the hold till to-

morrow morning," cried the captain, "when he shall be punished accordingly, but to-night I desire that no one presumes to interfere with him."

This being done, Roberts returned to enjoy his pipe and his grog, and in perfect good humour related the cause of quarrel with the men.

"The little scoundrel shall have a sound drubbing for these tricks," added he, "or he may chance to transgress again in the like manner."

I know not how it is, however, that

he should have been guilty of an offence so flagrant, I have always had occasion to like the boy for his good behaviour, he is very quiet, very diligent, and very sober.

“ Poor little fellow,” cried I, “ I could almost find in my heart to plead for him, the motive being humanity which led him to steal the rum, not for himself, but to alleviate, as he conceived, the sufferings of a sick companion.”

“ It is not the *motive*, but the *act*, for which he must be tried,” answered Capt. Roberts, “ and were I inclined to par-

don him, it would be setting a bad example to the rest of the ship's company."

I could not gainsay so just a remark, and though I dispaired of obtaining a mandate of pardon for the little culprit, yet I was determined to be on deck time enough the next morning to witness his examination.

*End of Chapter Seven.*

## CHAP. VIII.

All the seamen on board the *Triumph* except those actively employed, were ordered to attend the moment they heard the eight o'clock bell had rung, to be special witnesses against the conduct of little Jack, a title he had acquired from his being of extreme small stature, and I no less anxious than the

rest to hear what he should say for himself, left Edward to his repose, and stationed myself on the deck ; in a few moments the captain appeared, and all were in readiness to receive him, and the signal being made to bring up Jack, he made his appearance with both his hands confined with a rope, and a large fur cap that almost concealed his face, which being removed by the order of the captain, he exhibited a countenance of such uncommon beauty and innocence, that I could not help looking at him with increased pity and commiseration.

“How came you, Jack Wilson,” demanded the captain, sternly surveying him, “to be guilty of the crime you are here charged with; do you not know, that taking a bottle of rum, no matter for what purpose it was designed, is felony, and that you are no more, and no less than a thief; are you not ashamed of yourself?”

“Immediately the boy replied, and without the least embarrassment, “I am not a thief, sir; I did my duty, and as my mother said before I came to sea, truth may be blamed, but cannot be shamed.

tiful young woman of about sixteen years of age, completely but plainly attired, which sat close to a shape of exquisite delicacy.

“Behold,” cried she, turning to the astonished crew, and bending her knees before the amazed Captain, “behold an unprotected woman, and strike if you think proper.”

“No, d—n my eyes if I do,” cried the sailor that held the rope, and dropping it to the ground in the same instant, may my fingers rot off, piecemeal, if I ever raise a hand to hurt a helpless woman.”



“Go, and drink a glass of the best grog I have in the ship,” echoed the Captain, while he humanely raised the unknown female from her suppliant posture, and waving his hand to the crew, each seaman bowing with submission, returned to their respective duties; he then addressed the lady thus:—

“Though not acquainted with the motives of your extraordinary conduct, Madam, nor the cause which has brought you into so singular a situation, yet permit me to apologize for the rough usage you have met with, and to beg you will immediately do me the favour to walk

into my cabin, where you are at liberty to remain without distressing either your feelings, sex or condition."

She obeyed in silence, but trembled so excessively, that Roberts and myself both found it necessary to assist her, and each taking an arm, we gained the entrance of the cabin door just as Edward was coming out of his; but what language can do justice to his feelings, or to my surprize, when happening to cast a transient glance at the lady, he uttered an exclamation of joy? and springing to meet her,

"Rosa," he cried, "my own beloved Rosa."

“My own, dear Edward,” she replied,  
“I could not live without ———.”

The sentence which was intended to follow was suppressed; a smile played round her features, but joy's extatic glow was too much; for the very moment that we resigned her to the care of Edward, she fainted in his arms.

*End of Chapter Eight.*

## CHAP. IX.



I will not venture too minutely into the feelings of Edward Worgham, or those of the heroic girl of his heart, when sufficiently recovered to explain to him all the imprudent steps she had adopted for his sake, because sages may condemn, and rigid moralists declare a female thus circumstanced would de-

serve to suffer all the perils of her fate! I shall only observe with no small degree of satisfaction, that I beheld the youthful Rosa the wife of my friend in a few days after our arrival at Jamaica.

“What ought a man to do for the woman who has acted like Rosa,” said Edward to me on the morning of his marriage; “has she not risked her honor, her happiness, and her life for me? endured all hardships, and scorned all dangers for my sake? Nay, more dreaded than all by a virtuous female, has she not renounced the world’s opinion for

me too? what a scoundrel then should I have been to have left her to perish in that world which would have deserted her on my account; and believe me, my dear Cleveland, I am more proud in calling the humble Rosa my wife, than I should be were I the titled seducer of female innocence."

I could not but concur in the opinion of my amiable friend: and about six months after this period, when the ship *Triumph* again sailed for England, Edward had the pleasure of sending out the most satisfactory accounts to his father of his successful negotiation with

the West Indians ; not concealing from so kind and indulgent a parent his marriage with Miss Evelyn, nor the hazardous steps she had taken for his sake. Though I lived in the same house with Edward, I was often so actively employed in commercial business, that I had few hours for pleasure or amusement, and therefore little opportunity of forming much acquaintance, those I had selected being already too numerous for me to attend to. It was one delightful morning, however, that Mrs. Worgham with one of those fascinating smiles which so irresistibly won on the heart of her husband, persuaded him to ac-

company her on an excursion to the Blue Mountains, and Edward Worgham peremptorily insisting that I should also be of their party, I could not oppose his wishes. Scarce had the sun risen from the horizon, before we set out in a little vehicle appropriated for the journey, and taking with us a guide that could direct our movements, we proceeded to inspect every thing that was worthy of curiosity. Edward pleased because his Rosa was so, was in usual spirits, cheering us at intervals with a lively song, which was rewarded with a kiss from lips he prized far more dearly than his own. Thus we jogged on merrily, sometimes almost hid in embowering shades.



and sometimes exposed to the all-powerful rays of the sun, yet supplied with the delicious fruits which this beautiful country so far abounds in, that nature seems to have exhausted her most lavish store, and where flowering shrubs scattered in profusion yields the most odoriferous perfume. We were so agreeably employed, that we heeded not the hours which had passed, nor were mindful of those to come, until the middle of the day advancing, our guide reminded us that we must be more speedy if we expected to arrive at our place of destination,

“For, above all things,” continued

he, "we must avoid meeting any of the Obi men that infect ~~these~~ parts; a set of rawboned Mulatto rascals that would no more mind butchering us if they could catch us, than as though we were so many flying musketoes."

"Obi men?" cried I, on perceiving Mrs. Worgham turn pale as ashes, "surely, my good fellow, you are under a mistake, these well-known invaders have long since been extirpated from the country."

"In a great measure, sir," he replied, "but there's still sufficient left to do your business and mine, if they hap-

pened to light on us ; they are always on the prowl after ~~the~~ sun has once set to catch the unwary traveller on his way, whom they rifle of all he has, and then would murder before they arrived at their den ; but they are commanded by a chief, who has made them respect a certain law, which is never to slaughter but in his presence :—he is the greatest savage that was ever heard of ; and it is scarce one time in a thousand that he spares the life of a human creature that falls into his clutches : a story goes about indeed, that a boy was once saved, and that he afterwards turned out to be a great man's son, but there's not much

credit given to this tale, because when he escaped from the Obi's den, he refused to give any account of the cruel outrages committed by the Black Robber."

"Merciful heaven protect us!" exclaimed Mrs. Worgham, throwing her arms round her husband for support, who somewhat alarmed at what the guide had incautiously related, wished the Blue Mountains at the devil, and desired that he would spur on his horses homewards again, "for curse me," cried he, "if ever you catch me on such an expedition again. Rosa, my love, look cheerful, or I shall go mad."

But Mrs. Worgham was too much intimidated to speak, and though she *possessed more courage than most women*, yet there was too much probability in the information which the guide had given us, not to occasion incessant alarm, particularly as we had few attendants with us, and even those few were not provided with arms. In this dilemma, we could only rely on the care of that providence who seldom forsakes those that ultimately confide in its protection, and the speed with which our guide now began to expedite the journey. Mrs. Worgham, re-animated by the cheering smiles of her husband, appeared to have

recovered her composure, and we were gaining fast the declivity of a stupendous hill, the bright tints of the setting sun giving to the perspective prospects which surrounded us the richest glow, when the faint sound of a distant horn started us with surprize, and filled us with apprehension.

“Whip, Massa, whip,” cried one of the negroes to the guide, “Obi horn, him great way off—but no, whip horse, make go quick—quick—Black Robber, he come, and den he have no mercy! God’s sake, Massa, whip horse.”

This injunction was immediately fol-

lowed, for our guide, putting fresh spurs to his horses, we drove with a velocity almost incredible, but not sufficient to escape the threatened danger. The Obi horn again blew a horrible blast, and the guide exclaiming "it is all over with us," we descried four of the Obis mounted on black horses making speed towards us. The Negro men set up a yell the most dismal I ever heard, and the guide pulled in his reins, and making a full stop, recommended to us that resistance would be unavailing; but on the contrary only serve to increase the ferocity of their savage nature. He then commanded our negroes to yield quietly

to their fate! but such was the fear excited in the breasts of these miserable creatures, that on the nearer approach of the Obis, they lay almost flat on the backs of their horses without sense or motion; whilst the wife of Edward with that heroic courage which had once taught her to expose her life for him; now a second time exerted her utmost fortitude for his sake, and calmly whispering as she snatched a parting kiss from his blanched lips,

“ Edward your life is mine, and mine is your’s; I do not fear death when you whom I most love on earth are to share



it with me;" bowed her head in silence, but scarce had she done so, when the Obis instantaneously surrounded us, two taking their station on one side of the carriage, and two on the other. One of them spoke good English, and seemed by far the less ferocious of the four, but the others were so imperfect in their language, that we could not understand them, they pointed to the watches in Edward's pockets and mine, which we instantly gave them; they then proceeded to examine the guide's, and also took his, at which they expressed the most savage triumph to their companion, who uttering a loud and savage

yell, approached Mrs. Worgham, and demanded to know what she had to give him? The presence of mind of this admirable was never so well applied as in this perilous moment; for instantly untying a miniature picture of her husband, which was suspended in a gold chain on her bosom, she resigned it to the savage monster; it was set round with brilliants, which, when he beheld, he danced and capered with the most riotous joy, leaving us without further molestation or any other symptom of brutality till they arrived at their horrid den, to paint which all human effort must fail; the intolerable stench that.

proceeded from which, even before we approached it, being such as nearly to occasion suffocation. It had an entrance, the smallness of which would admit but one person at a time, and that so dark, that each Obi found it necessary to carry a torch to light him to the interior part of the infernal region which contained their murderous chief. The horn was sounded three times, after which they set up their accustomed yell, at the end of which ceremony each fellow dismounted, and took us one by one from the carriage: being quite passive in their hands, they dealt somewhat less roughly than we expected, for the Obi, to whom

Mrs. Worgham had delivered her picture, opposed the others in binding our hands and feet, which they would have done but for his stout resistance.

“I say touch them at your peril; Bloody Old Griffin,” cried he, menacing a huge sabre in the same instant, “for by St. Peter, if you do, I’ll stick you like a water rat.”

I endeavoured to console my suffering friends in the best manner I was able; for my own life I cared but little, but to preserve theirs I was fully determined to shed the last drop of my blood the moment the ruffians drew upon us.

Another sound of their horn brought to the entrance of their den their ferocious leader; and never did my eyes behold the semblance of so great and daring a savage; he was more than the usual hight of a man, and appeared half naked, with a grizzly beard that descended to his waist, at which was suspended a huge sabre, and when he raised his voice to salute his savage companions, the hollow tone in which he spoke made me shudder.

“What have you brought me fellows?” uttered he, as he surveyed us with a horrible grin, and last of all fixed his

ferocious eyes on the beautiful Rosa ;  
“ Ha, by this light a white angel !” cried  
he, “ a delicious morsel for a monkey ;  
but I don’t deal in women, they don’t  
suit my palate—take her in, and tell the  
hag to dress the kids ; what else have  
you brought me, Bloody Griffin ?”

“ By St. Peter, two fine Buchfa men.”

“ In with them—they will be excellent  
sport for a sharp knife and a keen appe-  
tite.”

Already was the hapless Rosa dragged  
into the monster’s den, while the now-  
frantic Edward and myself became the

care of the fourth Obi, who seemed to have a sprinkling of humanity, which, in spite of his barbarous calling, nature had not yet wholly effaced."

"Buchra men," cried he, as he hurried us through the entrance, "though we are butchers, we sometimes feel inclined to spare the lamb—take a robber's warning, and be patient."

I gathered courage from an assurance so little expected, and whispering to Edward the consoling thought, that this man, savage as he appeared, might yet be the means of preserving our lives; but

the agonies of a doating husband, who sees a lovely and beloved wife in the tyger's grasp, from which his utmost efforts cannot save her, were not so easily to be appeased.

“Oh! Rosa, Rosa,” cried he, and sobbed aloud as we entered the cavern of all human horrors, where a numerous band of the Obis were assembled round a fire of such immense magnitude, that even at a distance it emitted a heat that was scorching: on a sort of couch covered with goat skins, not yet dry from the blood of the animals, lay stretched almost inanimate the lovely



wife of Edward, but no tongue can describe the form which hung over her the face of which was indeed human but all the rest appeared a skeleton, which time had long since confined to its mother earth, yet it was a woman it was evident from the long tresses of black hair which flowed over her shoulders, and a loose drapery which seemed to compose a sort of female dress.

“What ho, Catherine, thou hag of darkness,” cried the robber as he entered the den, “where are the kids? my fellows have brought a rich booty, and must be fed; before the morning, they must go forth again in search of plunder,

so bestir thee witch,—quick—dispatch, leave that monkey's doll to take care of herself—I warrant me she'll take no cold, for thou hast made a fire large enough to warm the very devil."

At this imperious command of the Black Robber, this ghastly spectre of a female, rose from her recumbent posture, and scowling on him a look of indignation, approached the fire, on which a large iron kettle was boiling, and from which she took the victuals she had been preparing for the regalement of the Obis; she then opened an oven by the side of the fire, and drew forth two fine kids, which in a few moments was served on.

the skin of a goat and carried to another part of the den, where the Black Robber presided as master of the feast ; she then filled out rum into goblets made of the shells of cocoa nuts, from a huge cask, and then returned and placed herself in the same position over Rosa, offering her a little bottle, in which there appeared a liquor that looked like wine.

“ Do not drink of it,” cried the frantic Edward “ my beloved wife do not I implore you.” Immediately the female gave a loud and piercing shriek, while she approached Edward with a look expressive of horror, and shuddering, ex-

claimed, "wife said you? is that beautiful creature your wife? God, how I pity you!"

"Pity me," cried Edward, "Oh! generous creature! if you pity me, save, Oh, save my Rosa, and the eternal blessings of heaven shall reward you."

"Silence," uttered the female, placing her finger on her mouth," another word and it may be attended with the inevitable destruction of her you wish to preserve—be silent—repose in safety this night, and before another sun has set safe from the den of monsters, Catherine shall set you free."

“Free!” exclaimed I, transported with her words, “have you indeed the power to give us liberty?”

There was an expression at this moment which stole over the countenance of the pale and ghastly female that was horrible, for she had the look of a maniac as she pronounced,

“Who dares to doubt the power of Catherine, wife of the Black Robber?” and instantly seizing a lamp that stood glimmering its feeble rays in an obscure corner of the den, she left us to reflect on the singularity of her manners, and the hopeless wretchedness of our situation.

*End of Chapter Ninth.*

## CHAP. X.



As Edward and myself were confined to an opposite part of the den from that which they had taken Mrs. Worgham, it was impossible for either of us to approach her, who to support the spirits of her tried to cherish him with a faint hope, in the promise given us by the wife of the Black Robber, for whose

almost supernatural appearance it was impossible to account. I concluded, however, that she must have been some unfortunate victim taken by the Obis, whom, to escape death, had been compelled to live with the robber in a state of outlawed cruelty, the recollection of which at times disturbed her senses. The loud, riotous, and indecent brawling, which at intervals assailed our ears from the adjacent den, made us apprehensive that the strong liquors beginning to operate, would add to the natural brutality of these wretches, and that they would madly rush in upon, and suddenly destroy, us. But in a few

moments the horn blowing the accustomed blast, we had the satisfaction of hearing many of them depart—the hour of prowl as they called it being near at hand, and I had no sooner pronounced “thank heaven!” than the Obi, who had before spoken to us in a language so different from what we expected, made his appearance, followed by the wife of the Black Robber.”

“Soft, mind how you advance, Ben-hamour,” cried she, “he sleeps not yet so soundly but he may awake and defeat our purpose of humanity.”

“I will warrant him to sleep soundly



these six hours," replied the Obi, "for I took care to give him a double portion of what he likes best this side of the grave."

"Have you given those miserable slaves who are tied to the trees any thing to eat?" further enquired she while uncovering a small basket, with a light and cautious step, she approached the trembling Rosa.

"Alas, sweet saint," uttered she in a mournful accent, "she either sleeps or is at rest with the eternal." At the same moment that Benhamour following in an opposite direction, kindly hailed the broken-hearted Edward and myself.

“Come, cheerly, cheerly, poor rogues,” cried he, “Get up and eat, and remember that Benhamour though a lawless robber, has not deceived you; when he told you that lambs, even though in the mouth of the ~~tyger~~ <sup>tyger</sup>, will sometimes be spared from slaughter.”

With these words he unfastened the chain which bound us to the earth, and Edward, transported to the excess of all human joy, rushed to the arms of his suffering Rosa, while he implored of heaven to shower down blessings on the head of the robber's wife.

“ Youth,” cried she, fixing her dark eyes in hopeless despair on the agitated countenance of Edward, “ didst thou know Catherine, thou would’st not invoke blessings ; curses, curses, are all that heaven has in store for Catherine ; but look to your wife, give her food, wholesome food ; I do not live on carrion—bestir thee, time is on the wing—then hasten with Benhamour, who will provide all things for your flight ; when safe and quiet in your peaceful home, should the dangers you have passed in the Black Robber’s den induce you to reflect one moment upon Catherine, drop a tear of pity, and she will be rewarded

for all the service she has rendered you ;  
farewell ! Benhamour has you under his  
protection, nor will he betray his trust ;  
meantime, I go to watch my husband ;  
yes, Catherine, once the pure bud of  
spotless innocence, is now the guilty  
partner of a savage outlaw."

Catherine now threw a look of unutterable anguish towards us, whispered some words in Benhamour's ear, then waving her withered arms again in token of a farewell, slowly retreated to the den of the Black Robber. Edward prevailed on his wife to swallow a glass of wine and eat a biscuit, of which she

stood so much in need. Benhamour then with caution removed the massy bars that closed the entrance of the den, from which he assisted us in getting through, in which I was careful that Edward and Rosa should precede me, and in a few moments we had the satisfaction of embracing each other on *terra ferma*, and of seeing our poor negroes and the honest guide emancipated from their confinement, having been chained down to the trunks of trees, from which there was no possibility of escaping, the reason of which Benhamour informed us was their being strong and vigorous fellows, they might be difficult to ma-

nage. Our horses, however, had not sustained any injury, but had been properly taken care of, and though Ben-lamour permitted us to take them with us, he detained the vehicle, being thought too rich a prize to be parted with, and while we mounted the swiftest horses he could recommend to us, he himself went before us till the sixth hour had nearly elapsed since we quitted the den; he then halted to assure us that we were now completely out of danger of being retaken by the Obis.

“For,” cried he, “the Black Robber would as soon go to the devil himself as

the holy temple Osmyn fled, but not alone, he took with him the chosen friend of Catherine's heart, and married her. The agonized maid for twelve revolving years became a maniac, and covered with mossy weeds and the feathers of wild birds, would wander all night along the sea-beat shore, or at the mountain's foot would oft be heard to rave of Osmyn's cruelty, till in a moment of returning recollection, she vowed eternal vengeance, seeking in the very depth of midnight gloom the Robber's den: 'behold your bride,' cried she, 'I have sworn to be eternally at war with man, who has deceived me; Black Robber'

let Catherine be the partner of your crimes and the mistress of your destiny? From that moment she embraced the profession of the Obis, but being then beautiful, she gained so great an ascendancy over the mind of Rankhausen as often to defeat his purpose of blood and cruelty; hence it was that a law was established, by which the Obis, on pain of death themselves, were forbid to shed the blood of their victims, but in the presence of their chief, over whom Catherine has obtained such influence, as to divert his cruelty while she meditates on the means of their escape."



Benhamour having now fully satisfied our curiosity and again bidding us farewell, set spurs to his courser and was out of sight in a moment, while our guide, who had seemed a little uneasy in his presence, congratulated us on our fortunate and miraculous escape.

“There is a good riddance at once,” cried he, “of the devil’s infernal imps altogether; the Lord of his mercy protect us, masters, of ever coming to see the Blue Mountains again as long as we live; for my part, I expected every moment to be taken from the trees and roasted alive for some of their suppers,

and though things a'nt quite so bad as I have been told of these Obi men, yet they are bad enough in all conscience never to wish to fall in with such company again."

Mrs. Worgham was dreadfully fatigued from the only mode in which she could now travel, that of being placed behind her husband on the same horse; but what was bodily exertion, what was a few short hours of inconvenience, compared to those sensations which had so lately and terribly assailed us in the Robber's den? and which had terminated so differently from what we expected;

that we could only look upon it as an interposition from heaven itself, to which in humble thanksgiving we now offered up our most fervant acknowledgments. On our safe arrival at our own habitation, Mrs. Worgham was conveyed instantly to bed, while Edward and myself related our perilous escape from the Obís to all our wondering acquaintance and sent the guide, whose life had been endangered on our account home to his wife and children with the reward justly merited. In a few days after our adventure, Edward saw his beloved Rosa again in the possession of health and spirits, but she was so extremely

timid, that she never afterwards could be prevailed upon to venture on any further excursion on the borders of a country that was replete with so much danger and inconvenience.

*End of Chapter etc*

## CHAP. XII.

I breakfasted with my friend at an early hour the ensuing morning for the purpose of accompanying him to the theatre, whither he determined to go in search of the unfortunate son of Thespis who had received so ungracious a reception from Mr. Timothy Tartlet; the theatre, though situated in the most con-

spicuous part of the town, and admirably calculated for representation, being large and commodious, was yet totally deserted by the inhabitants—the nightly receipts not producing a sum of money sufficient to defray the expences of candles ; but this misfortune was not owing to a want of taste in the public, but to the mean parsimony of the manager, who had engaged a company of comedians, whose wretched attempts at the Sock and the Buskin was contemptible, merely because he could get them cheap ; but he found too late that this saving plan would not succeed, and that he had added to the comforts of his pocket by

starving his company at a very high price. The loss of public estimation, the consequences of which were likely to be attended with disgrace, and threatened ruin; there was scarcely a night that he thrust his nose into company but he received some severe rubs from the inhabitants on the manner of his conducting the theatre, and his parsimonious treatment of his performers: one evening in particular he could not ward off an attack which was made to him by a principal gentleman of the town, who demanded to know in a very unequivocal manner, why he still continued to complain of his nightly losses, and why

he did not pay his performers salaries adequate to the exercise of their professional labours?

There is an invariable tendency to conceit and impudence in most managers of every description, but in Manager Strutt it was truly verified in the old saying, "that ignorance and impudence go together," a specimen of which is presented in the following elegant and concise language he addressed to the gentleman of the club room, by whom he had been so severely interrogated.

"Why you see, gentlemen, the thing is this ———."



A long pause succeeded this elegant preface, and the gold rings which glittered on his fingers were twice rubbed with his pocket-handkerchief before he proceeded, which he mechanically did as thus,

“ You see, gentlemen, the thing is this, I goes to market, and I buys a basket of eggs for little or nothing ; well, that is what I calls doing things cheap and comfortable, I then turns these eggs out of the basket—if they happen to be good ones, why so much the better—if not, why they cost me nothing, and there is an end of the business.”

The whole club room was in one complete roar of laughter at the conclusion of this very pretty address, but it had liked to have proved fatal to Manager Strutt before he left the room, one gentleman having taken up the cudgels very warmly in defence of the injury the reputation of his performers received in consequence of his shabby and unmanly conduct; some of whom he declared he thought too respectable to have anything to do with such an employer.

“It is reported,” cried the gentleman, raising his voice to a higher pitch, “it is reported, Mr. Manager Strutt, that your company have contracted small

debts in the town, which they are inadequate to pay owing, to the smallness of their salaries, and for which you are prudently going to discharge them in consequence of the disgrace they have brought upon you. The disgrace is your own, Mr. Manager; but have a care, or we shall teach you reformation, I promise you: the people of this island, born beneath the influence of the sunny ray, loves to warm, but not to scorch, the drooping flower that turns to it for protection—beware, lest you bring down the indignation of an insulted public; let the doors of your theatre be thrown open to merit, public taste, and public judg-

ment, which is not to be acquired by your present system of government; pay your performers liberally and generously, and instead of ~~holding~~ holding a set of starvelings come before us, wretchedly attired, languid and spiritless, let us see a groupe of smiling faces, modestly seeking encouragement by the best exertions of their abilities to entertain us; pursue this plan, Mr. Manager, and doubt not but your empty boxes will be filled with beauty and patronage; your groaning pit team with generous traders; and your hissing gallery be exchanged for the warm, congratulating smiles of honest John Bull."

Reiterated shouts of applause followed this liberal and unbiassed sentiment of the generous West Indian, and he was greeted with acclamations after acclamation to the utter confusion and mortification of Manager Strutt, who, making a virtue of bare necessity, promised a speedy amendment in the state of theatrical affairs.

*Imprimis.*

That his performers should have an immediate addition made to their salaries, whereby their several necessities might be decently supplied.

*Secondly,*

That they should likewise be well

dressed each night when they appeared before the public, giving them sufficient time to study their respective characters, wherein their merits could be properly appreciated according to the judgment of the public, and

*Lastly,*

That they should be entitled to receive the advantage of a benefit without the exorbitant impositions of the manager's charges, too daily practised without the knowledge of the public, and which unhappily deprive the distressed performer of gaining a shilling by the profits of the night."

No sooner had Manager Strutt closed with all these propositions, than a paper was presented to him, which compelled him, however unwilling, to sign his name to the above articles; after which, he resembled the Jew Shylock, in the Merchant of Venice, for had he differed in the value of a single hair more or less specified in the bond, he would not have been suffered to escape punishment; with a heavy sigh he resigned it to the gentlemen of the jury, resolving in his own mind that the addition to the salaries should be just enough to say that it was an addition and no more; and as he made his calculation over a sneaker of

punch, he dwelt with most peculiar satisfaction on the idea of overflowing houses, by which his coffers would be enriched and his expences doubly repaid : a new pantomime was in preparation, his columbine should have a new petticoat, and his harlequin a new pair of small clothes : a new comedy was in rehearsal ; Mr. and Mrs. Atall should have the principal parts, because why ? not because they were capable of supporting the principal characters, but because the lady wore fine dresses, and the gentleman had a private purse of his own ; Mr. and Mrs. Atall were never in distress ; they never wanted a dinner,



made great benefits—gave themselves great airs in the theatre, and made a great deal of noise out of it—never spoke to the rest of the performers except on the stage, fearful of being disgraced by their society; in all which points they were considered by the manager, (but chiefly for their not being in want of money) as beings of a superior order, and for which reason, the principal characters were assigned to them without either judge or jury, till the name of Atall was like a complete drug; the public was so repeatedly dosed with it, they grew sick of the nightly draught, which now acted like a composing mix-

ture, and perfectly sent them to sleep. 'Twas during one of the morning rehearsals that Mr. Mortlock and myself reached the door of the theatre, and were saluted by the box-keeper, a little dirty, greasy fellow, whose ill looks reminded me of Carion, the ferry man of hell.

“ Pray, gentlemen,” demanded he, “ are you waiting to see Mr. Strutt?”

“ I am waiting to see somebody,” answered Mr. Mortlock, “ but pray is Mr. Strutt one of your performers?”

The man recoiled at least ten paces

from us, who contemptuously replied, "one of the performers? bless my soul and body no, Mr Strutt is the manager."

"Is he so," replied Mr. Mortlock, "why then be so obliging as to inform the manager that I wish to speak with him."

"You will excuse me sir," said the fellow, resuming his seat with the greatest composure and throwing open the box book with an air of consequence, "it is not my place to run about with messages in the theatre—I am boxkeeper, sir."

“ You are an impudent Jackanapes,” cried Mr. Mortlock, “ and if the manager keeps such fellows as you about the house, he will shortly have occasion to shut up his doors.”

No sooner had Mr. Mortlocke uttered these words, than Mr. Strutt presented himself before us ; his head was a perfect cauliflower and the frill of his shirt stuck out like the craw of a pigeon, he saluted us with a grimace, and two or three consequential bows.

“ Good morning to you, gentlemen,” cried he, “ come to take places, no doubt,

for the representation of the new comedy, why the thing is this—it costs me a great deal of money : three new clouds—new moon—new lightning and thunder—seven virgins wanted, very difficult to get I promise you in these here warm parts : the thing is this you see, gentlemen.”

“ The manager has certainly taken leave of his senses,” cried Mr. Mortlock, turning round to me in astonishment, while I found it impossible to repress my risibility as he proceeded with increased volubility, which probably would have lasted till midnight,

had not Mr. Mortlock briefly informed him of the errand which brought us there, throwing him down a guinea for tickets for the performance of the evening, which the bills of the day had announced for Shakespeare's tragedy of Othello. Mr. Strutt bowed down to the ground three times; Mr. Mortlock would not receive any change from the guinea, and the manager congratulated himself on his good fortune in meeting with so liberal a customer, promised to make every enquiry among his company, and learn which of the performers had taken the liberty of calling, or rather begging at the house of Mr. Mortlock

“ I tell you,” cried Mr. Mortlock, “ I do not deem it a liberty ; I beg you will not tell him so ; I have business, particular business with him, and it is my request that he will visit me whenever opportunity will permit.

“ Your commands shall be obeyed, most noble sir,” cried Mr. Strutt in a theatrical accent (recollecting the guinea he had just received) “ to-night when the curtain drops, I will order the whole company into the green room, and find out the person you wish to see ; but the thing is this ———.”

“That another time I shall be glad to hear all you have got to say, but for the present I wish you good morning, Mr. Strutt,” said Mr. Mortlock, drawing my arm within his as he hurried from the doors of the theatre, while I laughed so heartily, that I could not recover myself till we reached home, where the seven virgins, the new clouds, and the thunder and lightning, but mostly the loquacious manager himself, became the topic of conversation, and afforded us a fund of amusement, till dinner bell reminded us that it was time to separate to dress.

*End of Chapter Twelve.*



## CHAP. XIII.

Among the frequent visitants at the house of Edward Worghan and his amiable Rosa, were many personages of the most distinguished consequence in the island of Jamaica, but I know not how it was, that neither their minds nor manners were congenial with my feelings; they loved the company of the

## MORE SECRETS. THAN ONE.

splendid and the rich, because they themselves were splendid and rich ; and the eye that is never washed by a tear, cannot appreciate the merits of the unfortunate or dèlicately feel for those sufferings which it has never been their lot to share. I turned with disgust from the society of men, so happy in the good gifts of this world, that they were unmindful of those who did not possess any, save the talents which can only procure a scanty pittance, and which though the sons and daughters of luxury affect to despise, they still envy the superiority of, who instead of protecting the blooming flower, expose it to the withering

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blast, by which it is doomed to perish  
and eventually to decay.

“Shame to the land which gave thee  
birth,” cried I, as I turned over the leaves  
of a neglected bard one morning when a  
more than ordinary levee of fashionables  
were assembled in the gay drawing room  
of Mrs. Worgham. “Poor Tasso,” re-  
peated I aloud, while the broad stare of  
vacant curiosity was fixed upon me.  
“Poor Tasso! had thy pen been tipped  
with gold, thou wouldst not have wanted  
the lights of a farthing candle to have  
composed thy works by. Oh, Poverty,  
why wert thou the curse of such a poet?”

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“And of all poets too, I think, Mr, Cleveland,” exclaimed a rich West India contracted, narrow-minded little nabob, first taking a pinch of snuff from a gold snuff box, glittering with diamonds, “it is quite an inconsistency to suppose that poets can be any thing else than poor,” added he with a smile of the most ineffable contempt, “for my part, I think were the whole system of poetry abolished, it would be much better for the times we live in, for upon my honor, I conceive it to be only an encouragement for idleness; thank God I never had a son or daughter of mine that could make a couplet in their lives; no, no, sir, if

they had, they would never have been the son and daughter of a nabob, I promise you."

"Nor any thing that could bear the slightest similitude with you or your august family, I dare say, sir," answered I, turning upon him a look equally frozen as his own frozen sentiments; but to which he was most happily insensible; for I had not touched his pocket for a single sous, and there only the little nabob was vulnerable.

The next character that attracted my attention in the motley groupe was a

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lady of title, who was neither *maid*, *wife*, nor *widow*, but who, having been guilty of a trifling indiscretion in her youthful days, now thought proper to scandalize without judge or jury, the whole of her fair sisterhood; nor did the innocent maid, nor the virtuous wife entirely escape the effects of her calumny, provided she could get some of the chaste followers of Diana to imbibe her prejudicial opinions; and they were just now levelled to attack the reputation of a young and beautiful female, who had most unfortunately proved the victim of credulity in a nobleman's family, seduced by the specious arts of a seemingly-

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honorable attachment, and allured by the flattering assurance of promises not always to be resisted by youthful and inexperienced minds ; most unmercifully therefore was the hapless Clara called to account by the dianian circle of Lady Sarah's acquaintance, and with the glow of indignation burning on my cheek, I sat for a few moments an attentive listener to the following discourse :

“ I wonder how women can do such things,” exclaimed an antiquated virgin of sixty-five, on whose charms the breath of love had never blown, “ the very idea is enough to make one faint ; how auda-

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ciously impudent, my dear Mrs. Wagglestaff."

"Oh, shocking," answered her companion, a fat widow, disappointed in her sixth hope of obtaining a fourth husband, "and that a Lord's son should take up with such a low-born creature, perfectly horrifies me; did you ever see this Clara, as they call her, my dear Lady Sarah? they actually do say the creature pretended to wit and accomplishments, and that the young Lord Flowerdale would certainly have married her after he had seduced her; but was ever any thing so fortunate, just as the



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nuptials were going to be solemnized and the good-for-nothing creature about to be made Lady Flowerdale, the old one returns from Italy, puts a stop to the proceeding, crushes the hopes of the foud lovers, and commands his son never to see the impudent creature more?"

"How delightfully charming," exclaimed Lady Sarah Savage, with a smile that would have lighted up the countenance of a fiend, but would by no means have done to picture youth, love or beauty, "it would be shockingly indelicate, my dear Miss Squeezem, were such abominable indecencies allowed to

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take place in noblemen's families; even you or I would not be safe; permit such a creature to take precedence of women of reputation and to shew her indecent face in the circles of fashionable propriety; I should blush I say, my dear Miss Squeezem."

"I should faint," exclaimed Miss Squeezem."

"And I should expire, I am positive," observed the widow, the buxom Mrs. Wagglestaff fixing her eyes on a handsome young fellow who handed the chocolate round to the company.

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“The slightest deviation from the walk of propriety is unpardonable,” cried Lady Sarah, resuming the conversation with increased spirits.

“The least step from virtue ought never to be retrieved,” cried Miss Squezem, with additional asperity, “a woman should act with caution by all means,” retorted the widow, slyly glancing another look at Mrs. Worgham’s handsome attendant.

The conversation of this amiable Quiz appeared now likely to be drawing to a conclusion, had they not encountered a

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most dreadful opponent in the person of Mr. Richard Mortlock, who known as a man of the most shining abilities, was likewise a severe satirist, or in other terms a free thinker, and a just and proper scourge to the fashionable follies of the age; he was at once the dread and terror of all who came under the lash of his criticism, and they trembled at his nod. Like myself, he had taken a seat in an obscure corner, where he could not attract attention, but had swallowed with a greedy ear, every syllable of the amusing conversation which had passed between Lady Sarah Savage, the old maid, and the susceptible widow; at the

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conclusion of which he rose with great solemnity from his seat, and bowing three times with a sort of mock reverence, approached the scandalous circle, while he addressed them in the following words, which set the whole of the spectators in one complete roar :

“And beauteous, chaste nymphs of Diana’s sacred temple; holy virgin,” bowing to Miss Squeezem, “holy virgin of sixty-five, whom no unhallowed touch has ever yet prophaned; queen of chastity,” bowing to Lady Sarah, “pure as the fount from whence it flows—hail to thy celestial virtues, may the guardian

spirits of thy angelic purity be ever ready to protect the semblance of such unsullied brightness; and thou, sublime and gentle widow," bowing to Mr. Wagglestaff, "whose pious thoughts are fixed on heaven, not on the vain pleasures, the giddy pomp, the idle vanities of this sinful world, let me, with awe and reverence, approach where Diana holds a court of such chaste votaries, immaculate trio! hail, unspotted fair ones, thrice hail."

Here Mr. Mortlock threw himself prostrate at the feet of Lady Sarah, from whose eyes shot the most indignant

glances of resentment, who, with lips pale and quivering with passion, demanded to know the occasion of such an extraordinary oration, and why Mr. Mortlock had thought proper to make choice of herself and friends as the subjects of his ridicule?"

"With the same propriety that your Ladyship has thought proper to select an unfortunate for the subject of your's, retorted Mr. Mortlock ; " do not provoke me by forcing me in this public company, to pay you back in a coin of your own manufacturing— and probably recall a circumstance to your memory which

might have a tendency to shock the extreme delicacy of your Ladyship's immaculate feelings'; so in future, Lady Sarah, take a friendly caution, cease to revile your own sex for follies, from which, if you know yourself to be exempt, wear the triumph nobly and generously, and remember that it is no laurel in a woman's cap to weave the web of disgrace for another."

"Bravo! excellent!" cries one,

"A second Daniel come to judgment," exclaimed another.



“An upright judge,” repeated a third, while the mortification of Lady Sarah, Miss Squeezem, and the Widow Wagglestaff afforded a gratification not to be described, to the feelings of those who heartily despised the well-known malevolence of their characters; and no sooner had they made their exit in their respective carriages, than Mr. Mortlock was congratulated on the happy talent he possessed of being fortunate enough to frighten spleen and envy from the malicious purpose of taking out more diplomas for killing characters and murdering reputation.

*End of Chapter Thirteen.*

## CHAP. XIV..

Mr. Mortlock was a man possessed of the most humane feelings, and from a very short acquaintance I soon found myself attached to his society, more endeared to me than ever, since the defeat of Lady Sarah, and her vile associates from our evening parties, at which her Ladyship no longer ventured to appear,

fearful of again encountering the Green Dragon, an appellation with which Mr. Mortlock was honored by the lady president of the Scandalous Society. I was often led insensibly in my long conversations, to admire yet more strongly the character of Mr. Mortlock, for the sprinkling of acid he sometimes threw on the follies of mankind was never better, and the eloquence which flowed from his persuasive arguments served at once as a balsam to heal the wounded mind and refine the understanding; he was besides handsome in his person and polished in his manners, though eccentric in his disposition which abounded in a pleas-

ing variety, for I sometimes found him vivacious, at other times pensive, very often comic, and frequently grave, even to melancholy of the most sombre dye, yet suddenly a smile would emerge from the dark gloom, and like a bright sunbeam, disperse unpleasing shades to the lively tints of a heaven-breathing atmosphere; one day as we sat conversing under the delightful shade of a pomegranate tree, I could not help adverting in many respects to my own peculiar destiny, which met the commiseration of my friend, till I arrived at that moment, when in faltering accents, I disclosed my long and ardent passion for Lady

Adela, when the sudden paleness which overspread the countenance of Mortlock alarmed and surprised me, the more as when I pressed his hand, demanding to know what part of my narration had so affected him, he burst into a torrent of tears.

“O God,” cried he, “is there yet another beside myself doomed to be the sport of Love, the most resistless tyrant of the human mind? boy, mark me!—twenty years have not been able to efface the recollection of an impression fatally stamped in my boyish days; still Matilda lives; still she burns in my panting

breast; twenty times has summer blown her breathing fragrance and blossomed all the world, and twenty times the winter's snows have chilled the face of nature, and Love is still the inmate of my tortured breast: years have passed away since I have heard her voice, yet in my dreams her tones have visited me; I have waked and cried, 'speak to me, Matilda, oh, speak again.'

Here the voice of Mortlock became almost inarticulate from emotion, and he sunk into a deep silence of agonized reflection, a silence which I held so sacred, that I would instantly have departed

from his presence, had he not grasped my hand, while in a tone I shall never forget, he addressed me in the following words :

“Cleveland, you have unwarily won on my confidence, and by a congeniality of sentiments, merited my esteem. Alas! you know not how wretched your little history has rendered me; not alone excited from selfish feelings, but for the deep interest I take in your welfare; another time, when my mind is more composed, I will unfold to you the circumstances of a life marked by affliction from the earliest moment of my birth;

for my father died before I was born, and when my infant eyes first opened to the light of this world, they encountered the agonizing, though affectionate, glance of a fond and wretched mother."

Mr. Mortlock ceased speaking, and though a tear yet trembled in his eye, a smile lighted up his expressive countenance, and animated all his features.

"A truce to sombre reflection for the present," cried he, "we will seek amusement for the remainder of the day in searching for variety."



At this moment, we observed one of Mr. Mortlock's servants coming towards us; he approached with an air of consequence, and with a consciousness of having performed some essential part of duty to his master in a manner that he thought would meet his high approval, and he began thus :

“ Sir, I have just turned a ragged rascal from the door, who demanded to be admitted to your presence, with a flea in his ear.”

To which Mr. Mortlock coolly replied, “ the devil you did ; and pray

sir, who gave you the authority to turn any person from my door, without first acquainting me with the nature of their business?"

"Because, sir, the person was shabbily dressed; talked a great deal about being in distress, and more than all, said he was one of the play actors."

The fellow uttered this with great contempt, conceiving that he had now given the most sufficient reasons possible for the dismissal of the stranger, and was going off in the full confidence of his own abilities, when Mr. Mortlock,

more angry than I had ever seen him before, peremptorily called him back.

“ You are an impudent scoundrel,” cried he, “ and I feel at this moment the greatest inclination to discharge you for your pains ; you are, as I think, Mr. Tartlet, my servant ; are you not ; answer me that question ? ”

“ Yes, sir,” answered the crest-fallen Mr. Tartlet ; and Mortlock proceeded,

Well, sir, that being the case, it is concluded that I pay you wages for the execution of *my* orders, and not for the

exercise of *your own*—it is such good-for-nothing fellows as you that get so many respectable houses a bad name, by thrusting your nose into the business of those with whom you have no right to have any concern, much less have the authority to insult and turn from the door; for which you have given three very pretty reasons indeed; for gentlemen of *your* calling they may have weight—but I beg leave to inform you, Mr. Tartlet, they have none with one of mine; when a man is shabbily dressed, I naturally conclude, that he cannot afford to dress better; but that is no reason why he is to be insulted by every

grinning footman who wears his master's livery :—this is one of your reasons, Mr. Tartlet—the next is, that the man was in distress ; and your reason for shutting the door in his face is the very reason for which I would have commanded you to open it ; for when a man is in distress, he is then doubly entitled to receive attention and civility, much more from servants who are paid the wages of hire for so doing ; then your last objection, Mr. Tartlet, is, I think, that the man was a play actor ; well, sir, and what of that ? on the merits or demerits of which profession I am not going to discuss the points with you ; all I have to do now

is to enforce my commands; in future, do you hear, Mr. Tartlet? if a chimney sweeper comes to my door, and leaves a message, I desire that I may be acquainted with that message, and that the chimney sweeper may be treated with civility; there, Mr. Tartlet, you may now go to your duty, I have no further occasion for you—good morning, Mr. Tartlet.”

Had a genii waved her magic wand over the head of the mortified valet, he could not more quickly have disappeared, that did Mr. Timothy Tartlet from the presence of his offended master, and

after laughing most heartily at the manner of his disgrace, I could not help wishing that every Jack in office had a similar reprimand, and that the master and mistress of every nobleman's family at the west end of the town, would emulate the example of the man of feeling, for such I considered Mr. Mortlock. Surely, no lady or gentleman, possessing the common feelings of humanity, can countenance their domestics in shewing strangers incivility and contempt; when such is the case, it is the characters of the master and mistress that present themselves at the doors of their splendid mansions, to frighten the more needy

from their inhospitable board ; and those who would add one tear to chase another down the cheek of the unfortunate, deserves, at the fountain of affliction, to do penance by swallowing a bitter draught themselves, the taste of which, as they do not relish, they should have avoided mixing so copiously in the cup which they administered to others.

*End of Chapter Fourteen.*



## CHAP. XV.

I persuaded Edward and his wife to accompany Mortlock and myself to the play, and the carriage was ordered at an early hour to call for him, the distance from the theatre being much nearer to Edward's house, than to the residence of Mr. Mortlock ; on our entrance to one of the front boxes, in which places

had been kept for us, we were agreeably disappointed on perceiving that on this evening rather a numerous and very respectable audience had attended, whether from the attraction of the play, or from mere casual inclination I know not, but I should very much suppose the latter. As we came late, and had been seated some time, we were surprised that the hour announced for the performance was considerably past, a circumstance at which the gallery mobility began to grumble, not in accents the most melodious, for a Jack Tar, who had seated himself above the heads of all the rest, and had only been quiet during the

operation of smoking a pipe of tobacco, now found his stock of patience completely exhausted, and at length vociferated as loud as he could well bawl,

“Avast there, you play actor folks, draw up that green sail there, and let us hear what you have got to say for yourselves; overhaul your lockers, or shiver my topsail if I wont have my money back again and sheer off.”

Though some tolerated Jack in his boisterous proceedings, the repeated demand for silence was at last obeyed; and the ringing of the bell announced the

rise of the curtain to the impatient audience; at length they were gratified, the curtain drew up, not to the representation of Shakespear's Othello—no, a more dainty dish presented itself; Manager Strutt in full feather, dressed in a pair of pink satin pantaloons, and a sky-blue velvet coat; he proceeded to march down to the front of the stage, flourishing a large opera hat, and after many unsuccessful efforts, made to address the audience, he began thus,

“Ladies and gentlemen, I comes in a very awkward manner before you.”

The manager at these words took breath, but mischievous Jack would not permit him to arrive at the end of his speech, and he called out lustily,

“ You’re pretty much in the right there, old one, for blow my gib if ever I clapped my eyes on such a Jack-a-dandy in all my born days.”

Jack being thought too agreeable, however, the constable of the night was called in, peace was obtained, and the manager proceeded to state his case as follows:

“Ladies and gentlemen, the thing is this; I have the misfortune to inform you, that I am obligated to change the play: very disagreeable these sort of accidents; but the thing is this—Mrs. Atall, poor woman has had a fall, she was coming down stairs with one of them there sort of thing-em-bobs in her hand; you knows what I means, ladies and gentlemen, for meaning no offence to the ladies, I believe it was a sort of ridicule, where they put all their little tiddle faddles in,”

A loud hissing from every part of the house now assailed the terrified mana-

ger, but silence being once more obtained, he made a conclusion of his elegant oration by offering to the audience Coleman's beautiful comedy of the Poor Gentleman, in which he assured us every exertion would be made by the performers to afford us entertainment, adding that the part originally performed by Mrs. Atall would on this evening be in the hands of a person who had taken it at an early notice to supply her place, and humbly hoped for the indulgence of the public on the occasion. The apology was now unanimously received, the Poor Gentleman was accepted, and Manager Strutt made his bow amid

thunders of applause, nor met with one opposing voice when the curtain a second time drew up to the opening of the piece, in which there was not one that did not do justice to their respective parts. The audience was in good humour, and when the second act commenced with the heroine of the piece, Emily Worthington and her antiquated old maiden aunt, Miss Lucretia MacTab, she was saluted with three rounds of applause, not owing to her being the most beautiful creature I ever beheld, but to innate modesty that pervaded each lovely feature, as she uttered sentence after sentence with the most graceful proprie-



ty; in the scene with her father, Lieut. Worthington, the interest she excited by the simplicity and elegance of her manner was unanimous and the curtain dropped amidst the cheering congratulations of a gratified public. The pretty Emily Worthington was a topic of conversation throughout the whole house, and particularly with the generous-hearted Rosa, whose lovely bosom never harboured any sentiment that was injurious to her own sex. Though the stage is not always considered the most prudent step that a young woman can adopt, yet a coincidence of circumstances very often compel the most virtuous to make

choice of it ; many a vicious character enjoys a repose, and lives in the circle of ease and plenty, which a female professor of the stage knows not, her life is generally passed in a perpetual course of unremitting study and fatigue—therefore it is a life of labour ; still she is not permitted to escape from the breath of calumny ; a look is sufficient to destroy her—but if she speaks, she is utterly ruined, and her character is gone without redemption. At the end of the performance, I appealed to the judgment of my friend Mortlock for his opinion of the young and interesting female, whose acting had given such general satisfac-

tion; but was confounded to find him pale and almost motionless from some sudden sensation which affected him; tears were yet recent on his countenance, and in a voice almost pensive to sadness, he entreated that I would go to the manager and enquire the name of the young woman who had performed Emily; excusing himself to Edward and his wife, he instantly quitted the theatre in an agitation not to be described, and no sooner had I seen my friends safe in their carriage, than I hastened to obey his commands. Mr. Strutt received me most graciously, and having complimented him on the night's performance,

made my enquiry; he answered me with his usual loquacity.

“Why the thing is this—must not fall in love with her, grapes are sour, married, that’s all.

“But her name sir?” cried I, “that is the only circumstance I wish to learn.”

Perceiving that I had now really some particular motive for my enquiry, Mr. Strutt informed me that she was the wife of the person who had performed the character of the Poor Gentleman, and whose name was Glenmorris.

“She is an exquisitely lovely creature,” replied I; “and from her style of acting, must doubtless be the greatest acquisition to your company.”

“Decent, decent,” cried the manager, “pretty tolerable, but you see, sir, the thing is this—her beauty is the very reason why she is so much disliked by all the company, and particularly by Mrs. Atall, who by the bye is no chicken, though she wears fine dresses and plays all the best parts.”

“But your company, I should conceive sir,” answered I, “does not con-

stitute a part of your audience; you must be guided by public opinion, and not by the jealousy or envy of your performers."

"So I tells them," cried the manager, "when they wants me to discharge the woman for her beauty and the man because he writes poetry; says I, ladies and gentlemen, I shan't do no such sort of a thing to please any of you—they suits me, and that's more than one half of you do that speak against them; pray sir, am I right or am I wrong?" eagerly demanded Mr. Strutt.

“Incontestibly right, sir,” immediately replied I, and wishing him a very good night, instantly repaired with the intelligence I had gained to my friend Mortlock, whose emotions at the theatre I could not possibly account for, except that the interesting beauty of Mrs. Glenmorris had awakened in his mind the recollection of an attachment which he acknowledged twenty years had not obliterated from his memory.

*End of Chapter Fifteenth.*

## CHAP. XVI.

There is nothing more easily detected in the human character than that ridiculous and absurd propensity to affect singularity: some affect importance and communication, at the same moment that they have nothing communicative in their disposition, and their importance consists in their busying themselves in



the affairs of others. Some affect to have a complete knowledge of the world, and are taken in by it; they cannot tell how, when the defect rests alone with themselves; some affect pride, while they do not possess a single requisite which can tolerate so great a weakness; others vainly pretend to prudence, but those who talk most of it, generally commit the most flagrant improprieties: hence it is that mankind is so deceptive, and womankind so credulous; both seeming what they are not, and both deceived in the attempts of deceiving one another; disguising their real sentiments by hopocrisy, and veiling their

natural manners by affectation—the most disgusting of all disguises, because it is of too flimsy a nature to be long concealed:—but Mr. Mortlock was the child of nature, and the man of feeling; in him there was no semblance but of himself, and his heart was the transparent stream that reflected on its snowy surface—the purity that reigned within; it was with strong emotion, therefore, that he listened to the short and concise account I had to give of the pretty, interesting young actress, in whose fate there was not a doubt but he felt an uncommon concern. “Married,” cried he, after a thoughtful pause, “well, well,

whether married or single, it is my duty to protect her; the child of Matilda Fitzowen (which certain I now am she is) must be the peculiar care of him who adored her when she was living, and who though now she is dead, cannot long be separated from her; Oh Matilda! shrouded it is true from the eyes of thy still-adoring Mortlock, is the beauteous semblance of that form so long entwined around each fibre of my beating heart? veiled for ever are those blue eyes that never beamed but with celestial mildness, and paled for ever are the roses on that cheek, which, with the softest blush of morning, might have vied; yet

Matilda is no longer dead, she lives in her child, and in her alone can Mortlock even taste of earthly comfort ; go, Cleveland, go my friend, bring her to my arms ; tell her that a friend wishes to behold her ; the friend of her departed mother longs to clasp her to that heart, the pulsation of which never yet beat but for herself." Large drops of perspiration stood on the high-polished forehead of the agitated Mortlock, nor could I during a silence of some moments, advance a single syllable to console him ; his were the sufferings of mental agony, and I recollected too well from my own experience, that there is no medicine can administer to a mind diseased ; torrents

of tears at length relieved his bursting heart, and somewhat tranquillized, he repeated his request, though with less emotion, that I would present his compliments to the husband of Mrs. Glenmorris, requiring his immediate presence, wishing me only to hazard a bare enquiry of his young and beautiful wife, if her name before marriage was not that of Fitzowen?

“When you have learned that, my dear boy,” cried Mortlock as he wrung my hand, “it is all sufficient, ah more than sufficient for my agonized feelings to support; I shall then be certain she is the child of my darling; and, Oh,

God, why do my palsied lips refuse their office, while they pronounce that she is the child of my rival also; well, well, no matter—must she starve? must she perish? poor lamb; has she not already suffered for a mother's indiscretions by being born to penury and sorrow in a merciless world? yes, Matilda, thy faults are more than expiated by the fate of thy innocent daughter—an itinerant actress; is it not enough? but why do I preach when I should practice? My dear young friend," added Mr. Mortlock with a languid smile, it was the first I had seen since the beginning of the preceding night, and I welcomed its approach by gaily replying "it is what half

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the world do, my dear sir; they preach,  
but truly the practical part is left out  
for the benefit of *clergy*."

"You are a satirist, my young friend,"  
observed Mr. Mortlock.

"By no means," answered I as I closed  
the door after me, "I have only advanced  
what I have learned from experience, the  
most useful book of knowledge in the  
whole world.

END OF VOL. II.







